

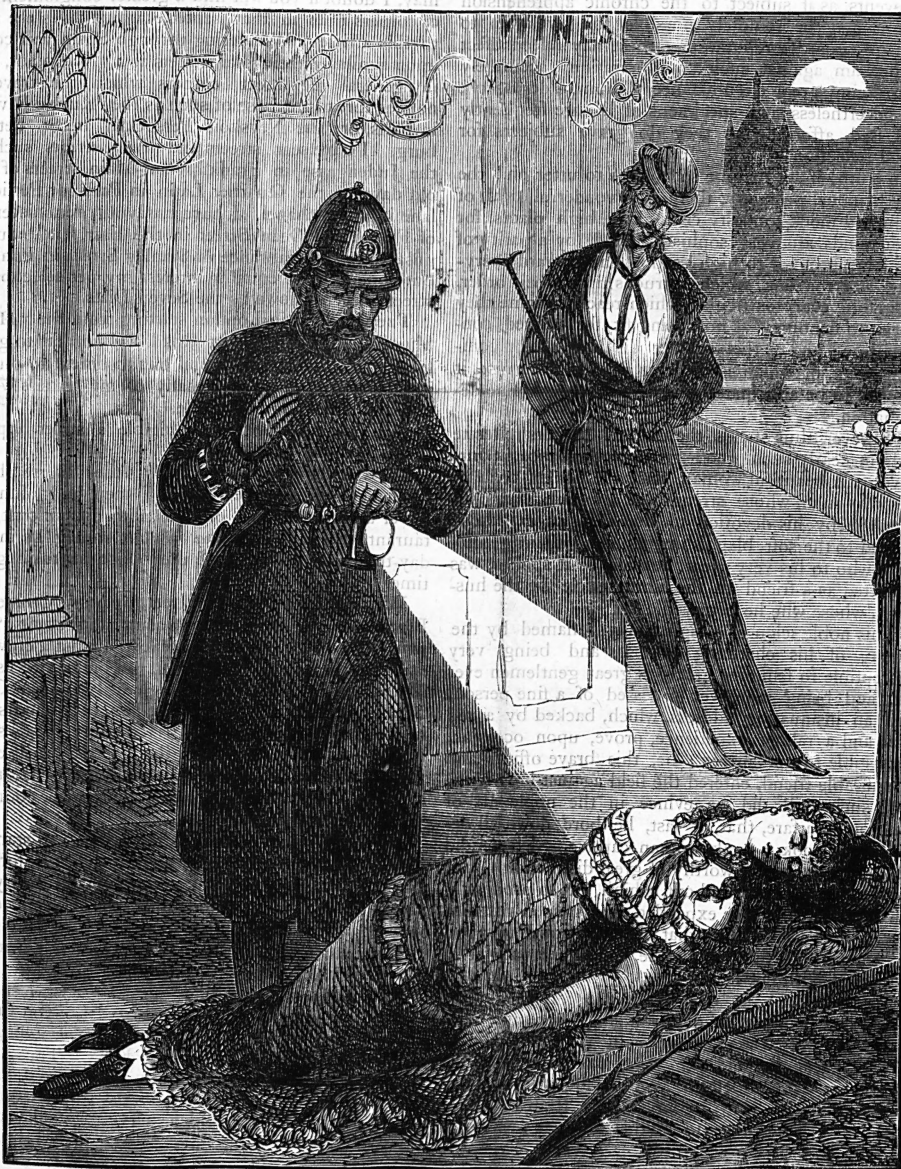
LONDON LIFE.

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 9.

LONDON, JULY 19th, 1879.

ONE PENNY.



THE POLICEMAN'S STORY—"SO FAIR AND YET SO FRAIL."

THE POLICEMAN'S STORY.

The real circumstances of town life are so little known that the incidents depicted by our artist this week may appear to thousands, not only in the country, but in London itself, as a mere sketch of fancy; but in the sober metropolis, which is so vastly jealous of its propriety and deportment, which, forsooth, plumes itself upon its virtuous tendencies and high morality, such facts as these are not singular, but constantly meet the eye of the nocturnal way-farer, affording, as they do, ocular proof of what profligacy exists amidst a fair seeming show of smirky respectability. Our great city magnates, whose jealous pride seems to lean more to the maintenance of a decorous appearance than a manly regard for the illustration of truthful events, as if subject to the chronic apprehension that it may be remotely possible for revelation to damage a guarded reputation,—these may indeed affect to declaim against such an illustration, accurately portraying a real circumstance of human depravity; but nevertheless such specimens of life are frequently witnessed, affording as they do grave subjects for moral reflection.

In truth, if we may be so bold as to utter oh! the very heinous profanity, there is a wonderful deal of sham and mock modesty centred in high places, for great minds are very sophistical, and, by a parity of reasoning peculiar to high station, they regard everything as erroneous, which intrudes upon their order. Therefore, every particular which reaches home they hasten to denounce as not being fit for refined consideration; and as this subject displays a very common effect, of which some great man is the cause, it is easily to be anticipated that it will arouse fine declamation.

However, thus stands the case, as lawyers reiterate without nearly such good ground of defence as ourselves. A beautiful woman, once the honest pride of a worthy man, whose strength of affection was only equalled by his devotion to home, in an evil hour yielded to the soft blandishments of a gallant gentleman, who to his very great honour, be it spoken, was admitted as a friend to the family circle by the husband, whose wife he betrayed.

This noble scion of a high family, inflamed by the beauty of his charming hostess, and being very susceptible to feminine grace, as great gentlemen ever are, and being moreover possessed of a fine person, and an insinuating address, which, backed by a red coat and a raking experience, prove, upon occasion, irresistible to the fair sex; he, this brave officer and honourable friend, entered the field against her virtue, and such skill did he evince in the noble art of amorous warfare, that, at last, he bore down all defence, and took a weak woman captive. A splendid achievement indeed, worthy of great distinction. For months he kept her, and cut it high, but so prodigally was his wealth of love expended, that it soon run him low, and, at last, finding that he could not draw upon nature for a further supply, he, through cutting it so high, at length cut her.

Being so cut by one lover, the forlorn beauty discovered another, who cut it high too, and with such effect, that he, as well, cut the fair one. A third cut it higher and briefer. A fourth briefer still, and so on, until, at length, from having one lover for months, she declined to weeks, and from weeks to days, and from days to hours, until, at last, in a

drunken fit, she flings herself at the closed doors of a public house, abandoned to all sense of shame and decency. Here she is discovered by the watchful guardian of the night, and while the poor harmless noodle on the opposite side is considerably waiting for his turn to be "run in," number so-and-so, who has never been used to cutting it high, hauls her up, lugs her away, and she finishes her experience by a night in prison. Our illustration is a graphic picture of one of the phases of "London Life" at midnight.

STREET CORNERS OF LONDON LIFE.

No. II.—THE SEVEN DIALS.

Travel wherever you will, wander wherever you may, I doubt if you will find a greater conglomeration of corners than in that septette which gives the title to this article. Wandering through Spain you come upon similar meetings of streets at a given point, but in general the street corners which the traveller notices abroad are those of such as the "Rue de Rivoli" in Paris, or the Nevskois Perspektiv in St. Petersburg. I have seen streets and *streets*, streets such as the Judengasse in Frankfurt-am-Main, streets of the old days of the Quartier Latin in Paris, or Petticoat lane in Whitechapel. I have unsavoury reminiscences of Flower and Dean Street in the East, and equally unsavoury remembrance of Stanley Street in Pimlico, but none of these equal in interest my pet selection of street corners known as the Seven Dials.

The wanderer in London starting from the "Horse Shoe" Tottenham Court Road, has not far to go to leave that palatial and moral establishment to plunge into lanes and alleys that many of my readers would consider almost uninhabitable.

As a rule the more uninhabitable a street appears the greater the population.

Our starting point for the Dials is the "Horse Shoe."

Shades of departed betting men and plungers hover around the bars of that now magnificent restaurant, that is the *sine qua non* for dining at in the day-time and the worry of the police at turning-out time.

We stroll down Crown Street, we pass "Crosse and Blackwell's" pickle establishment, and scent "real jam" as we do so, then we get lost, amidst a crowd of stalls for the sale of wheelks and old boots, greens and fried fish, and passing through a Hampton Court Maze of bricks and mortar get lost, to find ourselves in Bow Street. On one side is Sammy May's shop, where half the costumes for the London theatres are prepared. Let us go inside. Hundreds, nay thousands of dresses, kings, queens, policemen, courtiers, villagers, serfs, &c.

Let us go outside; there is the police van standing near the court, and we hear Bill Sykes informing Nancy that it's "only six months," and Leary Sal shrieking to her paramour that she's "copped six weeks, and can do it on her blooming head."

Then next door there's Covent Garden Theatre.

I remember when it was last burnt down.

What a scene that was.

The glare of that light illuminated London further than Highgate. The splendid building falling beneath the power of the Flame King. The sobered rioters and jesters, and dancers in their grotesque costumes, gazing upon the scene of devastation, and the pickpockets reaping a golden harvest. Then round

the corner is Rockley's. Unprofessional reader, Rockley's is a wine shop at the corner of Covent Garden market. Drop in there to see the actors. They're always there, and they drink their wine just like ordinary mortals. They swear like ordinary mortals, and they quarrel and fight in the sublunary manner.

Leaving them we rush through the Central Avenue of the market, and see the fruit that no one can afford to buy but the nobility and the swell ladies who have philosophy enough to frequent the Aquarium at Westminster and Evans' Music Hall, which is buried at another corner, and looks as harmless and innocent as an Anaconda.

But now a question civilly answered by a model policeman procures us a direction towards the Dials, and plunging through King Street, and past Aldridge's Horse Repository, we pass up St. Andrew's Street, and approach our destination.

The best time to view the Dials is at night, when the many pubs are crowded to suffocation.

Let us enter one. What a scene of "London Life" is there in this one bar.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HUMAN VAMPIRES.

I have often noticed the careworn and abstracted manner of some people one meets daily in different phases of life. They look ill and care-worn, nervous, generally to a degree. In many cases, owing to the importunities of anxious friends they have gone the round of doctors and so swallow nearly every drug in the Pharmacopœa without the least benefit, and no wonder, for what drugging, no matter how potent its charm, can administer to a mind diseased, or the prey to some terrible and guilty secret, the revelation of which would entail ruin in one of its most appalling forms. Any observing person must have noticed the type of character I have endeavoured thus concisely to pourtray.

How is this state of things to be accounted for, and to what is it to be attributed?

They are the victims, nay, the slaves of "hush money," in one of its terrible forms.

Countless scoundrels live upon some guilty secret, which throws a withering blight over a life which seems, outwardly, to be surrounded with all the comforts and luxuries that wealth can afford.

If people, who are even threatened with exposure of some guilty secret by one of these human Vampires, were at once and finally to refuse to pay one penny for the silence of this loathsome wretch, what a vast amount of mental agony and fear they would avoid.

It is better at first to fearlessly face the worst, no matter what, than to supply these gold sucking harpies with "hush money," which the more they get the more they want.

I well remember a case, which came before my notice not so very long ago, and which happened in London.

The wife of a wealthy merchant was for some years completely in the power of a contemptible scoundrel, who possessed some information respecting her life previous to marriage, which she believed would utterly ruin her happiness if the disclosure he threatened should ever be made to her husband.

For years this lady, although surrounded by all that should make life charming, was one of the most miserable women alive.

In constant dread that she should be unable to continue supplying her tormentor with gold, she was compelled at last to pledge some of her jewels in order that she might provide for this Vampire's increased demands.

The continued anxiety finally caused her health to break down, until, little by little, her life faded away, and it was not until she was on her death-bed, that she disclosed to her husband what had been the curse of her existence. He being fondly attached to his wife, was almost heart-broken to know that her life had paid the penalty to such villainy.

The scoundrel has since met with his reward, for there are, fortunately, more methods than one of punishing such wretches, who abound in all kinds of society.

Such things daily and hourly pass, as it were, under our very noses, and yet they unfortunately remain undetected, or at least unpunished.

A gentleman was going down to Brighton not so very long since, and being rather late, he jumped into the first carriage he came to, which seemed to be an empty one, but, as the result proved, was not so, as, after the train started, he found a person seated in the far corner.

Judge of his astonishment, when after travelling on for some time in silence, he was accosted in some such strain as this by his fellow-passenger:

"If you do not give me £60, on our arrival at Brighton, I shall charge you with the attempt to commit a criminal assault."

Utterly astonished at first by such an astounding remark, the gentleman simply laughed; but seeing that the scoundrel meant business, he at once made up his mind how to act. He remained silent, but as the train was about to enter the station, he quietly informed this would-be collector of "black mail," that if he did not instantly depart, he should hand him over to the first police officer he met, on the charge of obtaining money under false pretences. No sooner had the train stopped than off bolted the scoundrel with the greatest alacrity.

People may think that these two instances savour more of fiction than reality, but to my own knowledge, many similar attempts have happened of late years, and will happen again, unless all such vile attempts at extortion are met at the outset by firm and unyielding refusal.

Nine times out of ten the villain would at once be successfully checkmated, and even should he proceed to the disclosure of any secret which would be more desirable to retain, depend upon it, anything is better than to live in constant dread of exposure, and being drained by such greedy scoundrels.

We often hear of suicides, the reason for which seems wholly a mystery. Is it to be wondered at that men are driven desperate by that most exquisite mental torture, as applied with such consummate skill by these Vampires, who live on "black mail," and, carion-like, thrive upon the misery of others.

Hundreds are tortured, like Prometheus on his rock, their anguish being far greater than his, as all mental pain must be more agonising than mere physical suffering.

If anyone, who may be the present victim of one of these villains, were to place his trouble at once in the hands of a respectable solicitor, a life-time of misery would be prevented.

I have now done my best to point out this social scourge, and place the remedy in the hands of those who may need it.

MENTOR.

LONDON LIFE.

SATURDAY, JULY 19TH, 1879.

HOT SPICE



"TWICE Round the Clock" well told story, was issued to the public some years ago in the *Welcome Guest*, and now I think it is the same writer, who, under the heading of "Young London," is contributing a series of articles, descriptive of London as it is, in various parts of the metropolis. In the article entitled "From the Elephant to Brixton" the writer fully describes several commercial establishments en route, but he has omitted to mention a word about the enterprising furniture dealer of Newington Butts; who has lately attached a butcher's shop and provision store to his establishment, and who is also a large importer of black men, and makes them ex-slaves or Zulu warriors, suitable to perform the duties of porters or carmen in this civilized land, by dressing them in a fitting uniform of a brown colour.

It is not long since I noticed in one of the dailies, an advertisement, requiring a man 6ft. high, and of good figure, to act as carriage opener at the same establishment. Eighteen shillings per week, I think, were the wages offered, if my memory serves me correctly. No wonder blacks get a start there. Fact, I assure you.

Inter-national Supply Store would be the most appropriate name for an establishment in London trading with and training foreigners.

As Farini cannot show his Zulus at the Aquarium, owing to Mr. Cross's caution, it would be a big draw if the Furniture Dealer could arrange with the Signor for the loan of the dusky warriors.

If they happen to be men, the Signor, who is quite a magician in his way, could easily transform them (if required) into women, *a la Lulu*.

Or why not arrange with John Reeves, he might be able to get the Large Hall at the Surrey Gardens.

Such an announcement as this would do, I think, outside Reeves' and the Furniture Dealers.

Alive! Alive!! Alive!!! Walk up! Walk up!! and see the wonderful performing Zulu Warriors, and the Bodiless Woman; also the Fat Boy and the Zulu Women, who will perform, on a New Bar, warranted not to break or bend.

By a printer's error last week Mrs. Long was termed "Miss," quite a Miss-take. I assure you Alf, my boy, I don't know anything about the spicy verses or hieroglyphics, ask the Man o' Kent if he does, he hails from Canterbury. More power to him.

That fellow, who made the acquaintance of a "lady" in a coffee house near Brixton Church, seemed rather surprised when the waitress informed him that cuddling and hugging were not permitted in that establishment.

Oh! there's nothing wrong yet, miss.

Nelly, how's Frank?

I will say no more about South London at present. There are enough local papers there, so I leave the remainder to them.

Many great fools have expressed a wish to the poor one that "London Life" should be restricted. I don't blame them. Plain speaking is always disagreeable to persons more R. than F.

An accomplished fact. The sale of papers in the city. On Thursday, 19th June, a street vendor of newspapers was fined ten shillings by Alderman Hadley, for selling "London Life," the same being unregistered as a newspaper. Jester begs to inform the Alderman that "London Life" is now registered, having run the gauntlet of official opinion, and is of course now fit (being registered), to circulate through all grades of respectability. No more ten shillings fine.

A week following some more poor vendors were "run in" for selling "London Life." In this case the presiding magistrate remanded the prisoners (on bail) for a week, to see if they would do it again. I sincerely wish the worthy magistrates would look through the number they condemned, No. 5, "London Life." Fielding wrote, Swift wrote, Lytton, Goldsmith, and many other great men wrote, and so does Jester, and so do all of us—not nearly so well, of course. Jester admits that in all humility, but with the same motives of satire, wit, humour, and pathos.

I can well recollect when a poor lad was fined for selling a pamphlet he called "Fruits of Philosophy," shortly afterwards another lad was brought before the worthy beak for the same offence. In this case it was explained that the pamphlet sold was not the same as that suppressed, but an innocent imitation, consequently the second case was dismissed. How about the first though. What course is mostly taken when the *residuum* are concerned.

Caution. Lloyd's Newspaper in reporting Alderman Hadley's decision made no comments, being wise in his present generation, through the romance of the past, and thinking of "Ela the Out-cast." The *Echo* and *Dispatch* have had enough.

Thus Jester deals with newspaper criticism, so:

Hurrah! Hurrah!! Hurrah!!!

One blow is a tester.

Play your pranks amongst yourselves,

Don't ape the fool with Jester.

What shall we do with our poor? is the popular question of the day. Let them *strike* the iron whilst it's hot (or, rather, whilst there is still a bit of work left in the country) and go in for a farthing an hour extra and starve, is the reply.

Echoes of Ideas. Publisher's assistants.

The sooner the management of the G.P.O. undergoes revision the better it will be for the service.

It is a fact that youths of 16 or 17 years of age have to be at the office every morning at four o'clock and remain till 8 a.m., and have to return to duty in the afternoon, for the splendid stipend of twelve shillings a week, with a promise of a rise, which they do not receive until six months after the time implied, if not actually promised.

Great encouragement, this, for "Our Boys" to enter this branch of the public service.

In a remarkable case which came before the Divorce Court lately an "officer and a gentleman" was found guilty of the following acts of cruelty to his wife: Knocking her down, thrashing her with an umbrella, jamming her hand in the door, and spitting in her face. They were married in 1870, this treatment commenced within a week after marriage, and was continuous. A nice "spark," was he not?

Bravo! Farmer Giles. "Ye 'ar been a numskul long eno'. No more soft soap from landlords for ye. Hodge opened t'ball, and Giles keeps it a rolling."

What an institution wit and knowledge are when combined. When the fool walks the city great magnates stand aside, raise their hats, and bow ceremoniously. When at the West lords form around with gracious compliments, and fine ladies smile upon him with bewitching tenderness. Jester heeds them not, his auditory is a discerning public, and to the public alone doth he yield deference.

If fruit could speak what would be its cry? Oh, Heaven *pre* serve us.

I have great sympathy for Church, who has suffered so much both mentally and pecuniarily, through the infamous statements of the woman Webster and the insinuations of the man Warner Sleigh. His little banking account of £250 must have been largely drawn upon. This is a case, I think, for public sympathy and aid.

Or cannot some London Brewer pitchfork Church into a good Metropolitan "Pub," with Church as proprietor, Porter as potman, Habron as barman, and Hannah Dobbs for barmaid. The "Mystery Arms" would realise twenty-four times in six months. Or, better still, put him in a "Ruined Home."

Charley Mead won £100 over Maximilian last week, the consequence was that he invited Clarkson, the walker, who did the 55½ miles spin on the last of the six days contest at Islington for a drive in his trap. From what I saw of the driving I'd sooner go about with Charley when he'd lost.

Mr. Charles Merion is going to take his first "ben" at the "Foresters" shortly. He has issued double-crown posters with a first-class lithographic likeness of his eyeglass, with himself in the background.

Hammersmith. Police constable George, 178, T division, got a hammerman six months for kicking. Job Taylor should neither have hammered nor kicked a police-constable, who have enough to put up with without being assaulted. But it turned out that George exaggerated, so Job, who had at any rate great patience in court, had five months commuted. Moral.—Magistrates be cautious how you convict.

The scenes and kind of language which nightly go on in Pimlico streets are a standing disgrace to London, and it appears that the Police are not above taking money from keepers of gay houses not to see what it is their duty to prevent. It is high time the authorities of Scotland Yard fully investigated the matter, as it is their duty to do.

Jesse Williams, the well-known musical director, late of the Canterbury and other music-halls, won a silver tankard the other day, in a mile walking handicap, at the City Gardens, Gloucester. It is true he had 100 yards start. Where was Kalulu, a silver tankard would just have suited him.

I should like to know the reason why that cantankerous, although honest, old Buff, John Matthews, is not seen so often at the Grand Surrey Lodge; though noisy, his sincerity sometimes did good.

Report says he's to be seen at the Southwark Lodge, with the members under the Banner of the Grand Lodge of England. Can it be possible the Old Veteran is going to turn renegade, and desert that flag he so venerates.

Jester intends visiting Southend in course of the week, and while there, will call at the Falcon Hotel, at which house a Buff Lodge will be opened on August 1st, to be named after that great patriot, Garibaldi, and the opening Primo will be Bro. E. Jarvis, who served in the British Legion, under that general, throughout the Neapolitan campaign.

It is whispered that Charles Marriott's band discourses sweet music on the pier at Hastings, while Dr. Abrams's people look coldly on by the "sad sea waves."

A conundrum on a poster attracted me. On the left is a bag, tied tightly, labelled "Money," then runs the verb *makes*, then another bag split, with the golden coin running out. My solution of it was that money burnt its own pocket—made a hole in the bag. But below was the Ad. itself, that Mr. Thingammy's cream gave luxuriant hair. Mr. T. is unfortunate in this parable, for to follow it logically his compound would make a hole in the head. "Unique."

Can anyone tell me how it is that the roof of the Victoria Station, London, Brighton and South Coast Railway, is not repaired? During the late lovely weather, the platforms have been little pools of water. Is it not time something was done? It is high time the Company "looked to things above."

I am afraid the renowned Clerk of the Weather would have rather a hot time of it, if he happens to come across the Clown in one of his rambles, he would not give him a joke, although a jocular subject, but when the sun shines bright as it sometimes might now, it sends its brilliant rays, and brightens up many a poor home and cheerless garret, making the poor rejoice and thus gladdening the heart of

JESTER.

FIREWORKS.

On Wednesday night last, Squib, accompanied by Jester, went out on the spree. They went to the Bedford Music Hall, Camden Town. Squib likes to go to the Bedford, for the following reasons: It is the prettiest and best lighted little hall in London. It has a capital band, that does credit to its experienced leader, Mr. Hopkins. It has a company that no other hall can possibly excel, and one that is always kept up to the same standard of excellence. The refreshments are all good, the waiters civil, and Mr. and Mrs. George Fredericks always strive in every way to make every body, either in balcony, area or stalls, feel so much at home that a second or even a fiftieth visit is always desirable. The Chairman, Fred. Roberts, is a specimen of what a chairman should be, and though he was away on Wednesday, Mr. W. Bartlett, the stage manager, filled his place so well that he was scarcely missed. Amongst those specially deserving of mention on the stage were, Holmes, who did a perfect variety show on his own hook, finishing by "blacking up" in a wonderfully short space of time. The Robina Quartette, Mr. Geo. Vokes in a series of songs, in which the make up of his face got painted more and more, until if he had put a line or two of black on, he would have been a nigger performer too. The Albert and Edwards troupe are specimens of what a troupe ought to be. Mr. Fitzgerald and the others kept the audience in a state of delight while the septette kept the stage, which would have been all night, as far as the wishes of the occupants of the auditorium were concerned. Mr. Fred. Bevan and his wooden acrobats caused roars of laughter, and his mechanical dancer is certainly one of the most ingenious and clever automata of the day. Mr. Woodhead did not so much delight Squib as he did the audience in his songs, but his dancing is simply A1. The Alberto's and the Wood Trio in their acts, placed sketches, songs and dances on the stage, that excelled many of the best things Squib has seen done at St. James's Hall. If any one showed signs of falling off, it was Harry Rickards, who certainly is not the Harry of bye-gone days. Perhaps his having the last turn may have something to do with this. Squib again says that the most enjoyable hall in London is the Bedford, Camden Town, if it were only visited to see Miss Wright behind the bar, to meet with the courtesy and kindly feeling of the proprietor and his wife, and to see that eminent composer, Carlo Minasi, there, enjoying "London Life."

No reply has reached me yet as to that £16 held in trust for the employés at Drury Lane Theatre. I mean to hammer away at the subject until something is done with it.

Professor de Louie conjoined at the Albert Hall for the benefit of the French Charities. I believe he borrowed a handkerchief from the Prince of Wales, a watch from the Duke of Edinburgh, and trinkets from the Princesses. I hope he returned the jewellery. I saw him with a pocketful of watches and rings the other day, and I thought to myself that I should like to be a wizard.

The money market seems to be at a low ebb. At one o'clock last Thursday there was not a single "pro" at Poverty Junction. The "York" branch was neglected, and the "Glass House" main line was desolation.—*pur et simple.*

The Japanese parrot opposite Mr. Smith's looked disconsolate, he missed the usual busy scene.

A certain Music Hall proprietor, who has not long been in the business, had a dispute with a William Wright, gasfitter, as to an account. W. W. issued a writ, but he couldn't serve it, as the "boss" was always out of the way. But the other evening, when two working men were at the bar of that music hall, one of them, in paying his two D for a glass of beer, passed the horrid bit of paper into Fred's hands, at the same time displaying the original writ before the whole audience.

Valentine, the Wire Walker, is talking of bringing an action against *London Life*, damages £15,000, because I called him the mad wire walker. I only thought he was mad then, I feel certain of it now.

There was a benefit at the "Royal" last Saturday, in aid of the funds of the Music Hall Sick Fund, when the "people's caterer" took the chair. William is always ready to do anything in his power to assist the pros, and we are glad to hear that his efforts on this occasion were well seconded.

By the way, could he not inaugurate an "emergency fund?" There are many cases in which "pros" are suddenly left without resources, in consequence of the bad faith of unscrupulous managers.

This was the case not long ago, with a well-known equilibrist and clown, who was taken away to Dublin after having sacrificed all his engagements in London, and then got let in for nearly £40 balance of salary, and was left entirely destitute. That rascally manager will some day get it hot from

SQUIB.

THE CANTERBURY.

THIS splendid building is perhaps one of the best managed, and most fashionable resorts in London, and is replete with every comfort, which can enhance the enjoyment of its visitors.

The entrance, through artistically arranged ferneries and rockeries, must at once arrest the attention of the most commonplace observer, as everything has been so well adjusted as to captivate the eye, and it is almost impossible to believe, on strolling through the ferneries which lead to the hall, that one is in London at all, so near does art approach to nature.

Another feature of the place is the prettily arranged flower stall, presided over by Mrs. Long, where you can purchase a button-hole, posy, or a bouquet, for either your *cara sposa*, or the *Prima Donna* of the evening.

The hall itself is spacious and lofty, and its renowned sliding roof is too well known to need description.

The performance commences at eight o'clock, and consists in a rapid variety of entertainments, so well arranged that the interest of the visitors is kept up without flagging throughout the evening, which seems almost to glide away, like the roof when it is getting hot. The pit and galleries are nightly thronged by representatives of all classes of society, from the gods in upper balcony to the noble earl in private box.

It is indeed a pleasant sight to watch the countless faces beaming with enjoyment and animation as they seem most thoroughly to appreciate the result of Mr. Villiers's endeavours to entertain them.

Unlike a good many other so-called places of entertainment, the Canterbury is not the rendezvous of *Aspasia* and her frail sisterhood, but is an entertainment where any respectable person may take his wife or daughter, without the least fear of encountering any impropriety, either in the tone of the performance or the class of visitors who frequent the hall, and this is saying a great deal, considering how of late years in most other places of the kind, such is far from being the case.

Here comes Captain Fastwood, as usual with a pretty girl, this time the object of his choice is a dark brunette, with large and flashing eyes, she is dressed with exquisite taste, and although in the height of the prevailing fashion, there is nothing loud or pronounced about her. But who ever saw Charley with any girl not well got up? He is well known as being one of the most accomplished roués in town, and quite a pet with the fair sex, although by no means good-looking, his charming manners have amply made up for this deficiency. Men of course, as a rule, do not like him, and their envy at his unvaried success, with the fair sex, have caused them to hint evil against his skill in games of chance, of which he is a consummate master, but as yet nothing has ever been proved against his honour.

The dark, pale man, with the Norman type of face, who has just entered, is the well-known Mr. Dashaway, a member of the junior bar, whose whole life has been passed in pursuit of pleasure, he has paid "brief" attention to the study of the Law, which pleased him not. A profound cynic, he neither believes in woman's love or man's friendship, and no one would think, from gazing at that pale, passionless face, how ardent a votary he was of *Venus*. The last of a long list of Yorkshire squires, it is said he has done his best to terminate his race.

His fair companion, with the auburn hair, has been seen with him for some years past, but her history is a mystery, not yet solved by the curious roués who have been attracted by her beauty and elegance.

Neither Captain Fastwood or Mr. Dashaway are reputed to have means, and yet they are always to be seen in the best places and everywhere in town; their private lives are an enigma not yet discovered.

In the box next to the royal one, you will see a short thick-set man about thirty years of age, blazing, as regards his fingers and shirt front. He is young Topaz, and son of the well-known diamond merchant in the city, who seems to have inherited his father's love for jewels.

His great ambition in life is to mix with his superiors in birth and position, and to be thought good form. He forgets that, although Lord Gothe-pace will not object to win his money at the Club and dine with him, yet he is never introduced to his lordship's people. He could never be comfortable amidst the *beau-monde*, for he is an outsider.

Even "Pearlie Montesquie" of the Frivolity Theatre, only condescends to share his box on account of one or two little milliners' bills, which she intends rich Mr. Topaz to pay.

Who is this peculiar-looking individual with a heavy beard and moustache, and sidling walk, and who seems incapable of looking any one in the face. He is Mr. Bétenoir, whose reputation is of the worst possible kind, and to be seen in his company is enough to ruin any gentleman's fair name. He is well known to all men about town, who avoid him as a plague spot.

Those two young fellows, with him are fresh from Oxford, and are utterly ignorant of the real character of the scoundrel who has insinuated himself into their good graces. He lives upon others, and has been known to levy "black mail." He apes the golden youth, and although a West-end tailor and hosier have done their best for him, he still looks every inch a cad, indeed it is reported that he was formerly a gentleman's servant.

Viscount Killtime, and several languid members of the Crutch and Toothpick School, saunter in to see the Shamrock Ballet, which judging from the gloating expression of their eyes, they appear to enjoy far more than one of their field days at Aldershot. These young guardsmen seem in a state of continual boredom, and excepting their admiration for themselves their studs, socks, and the "leggy" part of the ballet, have lost all interest in other mundane affairs.

The latest novelty introduced by Mr. Villiers is called "Etherea," which consists of a somewhat mysterious and poetical ballet, in which "Ariel" makes her appearance, and so gracefully executes the Flying Dance; all known laws of gravitation seem utterly set at naught by this fair artiste, who floats in the air without any visible means of suspension with the greatest ease and elegance, taking a flight of forty feet into space.

This feat alone is well worth a far longer journey than to the Canterbury to witness. "Pat in Paradise" is an amusing, legendary musical sketch, of which Miss Nelly Power is the life and soul, and still by her charming vivacity and "chic" retains the reputation for which she has so long been celebrated. The Shamrock Ballet, which forms part of this piece, is quite unique of its kind, and the part of première danseuse is ably sustained by the graceful Mdlle. Ada, who is well supported by Mdlles. Fayie Broughton and Florence Powell.

The band contributes much to the enjoyment of the audiences, and is a very good one, conducted by Mr. Frewin, and amongst its members are Mr. John Kent and others.

Those who may desire to pass a pleasant and lively evening will find all they can desire at the Canterbury.

MAN ABOUT TOWN.

DANCING GIRLS.

I beg their pardon for being so shockingly rude as to call them "Girls." "Ladies," I ought to have said. Nobody would ever think of describing the patrons of Signor Billsmethi, immortalised by "Boz," as girls.

The "young girl in brown gauze over white calico," who so particularly attracted the attention of Mr. Augustus Cooper, would, I am sure, have been grievously offended had she been called a dancing "girl," although she had to submit to the humiliation, at a later period of the evening, of being called a "creeter."

Bob B-g-n-ll, although he did, until interfered with by Major Lyons & Co., keep a splendid temple dedicated to "Terpsichore," nevertheless made the "farinaholkajingo," subsidiary to the other attractions which were provided at that palatial establishment.

If you wish really to see the Dancing "Lady" who is heart and soul devoted to it, it is in places of somewhat more modest pretensions than the late "Argyll" or "Holborn Casino," that you must search for them.

It is at the "dancing academy" that you really meet the "Girls," who go there for the purpose of dancing and doing it thoroughly.

There is no nonsense about them there, if you wish to be a "Wallflower" you had better stay at home, you will find no sympathisers at the "Academy."

I should be very sorry to adopt the theory which has been mooted by some whose wish must be father to the thought, that these establishments are but a blind and a cloak under which improper practices are carried on.

"Honi soit qui mal y pense."

Doubtless if you wish to find them you will be able to find houses of ill-fame, which make a pretence of being ostensibly dancing academies.

I don't intend to introduce your readers to any such "dens." I don't know where they are, and I am sure your readers would not wish to accompany me, even if I could lead them there!

But I have spent many a happy evening in a very unassuming sort of way at many a dancing academy, and I now look back with pleasure, and certainly without any shame to the occasions when I visited a veteran in the art salatory, who in my younger days pitched his tent in Brewer Street, but who has since removed to Soho Square, and whose fair daughters were my instructresses and partners.

There was no side door there.

There was plenty of fun, and if you will be hypercritical, perhaps a suspicion of snobbishness about some of the gentlemen, and perhaps my tutoresses "are not quite so young as they used to be in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-three," but I could find no snobbishness about the "Girls," and perhaps it was only my jealous rivalry which made me imagine it in the "Boys."

But what jolly times we had of it, and what pleasant friendships I have made there, which have lasted until now.

I am afraid that the hoary-headed vicious old scoundrel always on the look out for fresh victims to his lust, would have had a very bad "quarter of an hour" there.

"Caldwell's" is, alas, a thing of the past. I recollect one evening during a certain "spring" meeting taking the place by storm, not a thunder storm, perhaps I should be more correct if I said a Spring Shower. Well "de mortuis nil nisi bonum." I always did like Caldwell's.

And which of us has not spent "an appy'our" at North Woolwich under the fostering care of "the People's Caterer."

We were not such swells there as they used to be at Cremorne, perhaps, but I am sure that we enjoyed ourselves more, and very much more innocently.

How the "girls" did and do dance to the strains of Sidney Davis's band.

There is no affectation or nonsense about them there, they go there for healthy innocent amusement, and they give their minds to the business.

And the pleasant trip home by the water on the warm summer nights, such as we someday hope may revisit our shores. And how you think of the parting kiss you give your sweetheart as you leave her at her door, as you discuss the question whether the "Governor" and "Papa" can be "coaxed" into letting them have another happy evening.

Down the "City Road," too, at "Bendall's," I have met some of the nicest girls it has ever been my pleasure to dance with. What partners they do make.

They have to work hard all day, they are at the shop every morning at eight o'clock, and few of them leave before that hour p.m., and yet, how thoroughly they enjoy themselves.

Mantle making or "Bonnet Building" are things which *pro tem* are non-existent.

I have been to nearly all the academies in London, but I do not know any in which I have enjoyed myself more, than at one close to the Walworth Road station.

There is no side door there!

And I think the fellow who attempted any tricks there, would meet with a reception he little would like.

The courteous and gentlemanly proprietor, although careful always to administer to the comfort and enjoyment of his patrons, is not the sort of man to stand any nonsense.

He does not hit often, but when he does, he hits hard.

He says he can't hit soft.

I recollect, one night when a cad, dressed in the attire of a gentleman, who had managed to obtain admittance there, was attempting to take a liberty, that the proprietor very quietly said to him: "I don't know what you do elsewhere, it's no business of mine, but I'll show you what we do here with people like you."

And he did show him.

And I don't think he liked it.

Englishmen are supposed to take their pleasures sadly, but the "Dancing Girls" (again I beg their pardon), certainly do not; they do like it, and so do I, and surely it is only the outpouring of a depraved imagination, which would suggest that these Dancing Academies, which have been established for years, and which are conducted by men of known and tried good reputation, are other than what they seem to be, or that the hard-working young women, who have surely not too much sunshine in their lives, should be accused of frequenting these places for purposes other than those of healthy and innocent recreation.

I have known many of them, and certainly liked and respected them, and I must decidedly refuse to believe that there is any harm in our "Dancing Girls."

The real people's tribute.—Six millions, and the rest.

Conservative delicacy.—Champagne Jelly. Liberal luxury.—Our present foreign policy.



"Ginx's Baby" asked a question about the Zulus, the other day in the House. The Home Secretary seems to have thought that the "Baby" was not acting on the square in the matter, and very "Cross" he was about it, especially as he had not been invited to attend their levee at St. James's Hall. Farini is evidently at "Cross" purposes with the Home Secretary. This must not be considered "Cross" kid on the Baby's part.

We are afraid that our volunteer warriors will have a dampish time of it in Wimbledon. "Jupiter pluvius" seems as if he would be the presiding deity at the camp. But the volunteers do not appear to be daunted by him. There is no falling-off in the number at the Camp as compared with previous years, and all are animated with a determination to make the best of a very uncomfortable situation.

The Premier declined the noun "wreath" by refusing it. But Tracy declares if he should have the good luck to *parse* his Lordship on a dark night, he'll give him a good lesson in English Grammar. In fact he'll illustrate his lesson with his (de) clenched fist, for his conduct has been most no-Tory ous. Poor Tracy! will he ever be thoroughly understood.

The Lady of (British) Lions. Queen Victoria. She reigns *soup-réme* over all. This will account for the *soup*-like weather, and continuous *rains* we have had of late. Could she not enter into an *ar-ra*(i)n-gement with the Yankees for a bit of better quality? In fact we should prefer it not so exact to sample. See Yankee predictions.

The Crown Prince of Sweden has not been put up at Buckingham Palace, but I see that he went to two palaces on Tuesday. The Edinburgh Castle at Limehouse and the Dublin Castle, Mile-End—they were both Coffee Palaces.

"Peace with honour," so said the old Jew on his return from Berlin. The nation now must fully appreciate the truth of this statement, which is borne out by the Afghan and Zulu Wars, two, perhaps, of the most ill-advised and useless which were ever entered upon by England. Rivers of blood! Loss of prestige in Europe, and a largely increased National Debt. These are Beaconsfield's promised "Peace with honour!"

On Sunday last a brilliant assembly of the beau monde was congregated together near the statue of Achilles, at Hyde Park Corner. This favoured place has, of late years, entirely superseded the Zoo and Botanic as Sunday resorts.

I hear that Tracy Turnerelli is going to offer the wreath to Macdermott and Leybourne. They are to deposit £500 a piece, and sing for the wreath and the championship.

Who killed the "Cat"? Mr. Hopgood, M.P. Ask Colonel Stanley for further information.

I hear that the Duke of Cambridge is about to start a new Magazine. It is to be entitled, "The Fine Weather Review." It will be published on Sundays.

I saw the Prince of Wales on his return from the Crystal Palace the other day, the usual honours were paid him; the traffic stopped, and people carefully pushed back in groups by the police, but why did they not stop those "coping" fellows who were following the procession as closely as possible with an old nag they had been "tuning up." They made a terrible noise, and saluted the passers by, as proudly as if they were his Royal Highness himself. It was in the Brixton Road, near the Bon Marché that this took place.

Some curious things occur at a certain house in a very respectable street in Dalston. A reverend gentlemen, who visits the house very frequently, is received with open arms by the mother, and has even slept there when the husband has been away. What has become of the former lover of the second daughter? The present one, a minister's son, should ask that question.

HANDSOME WIVES.

SHOULD you be so fortunate, or unfortunate, as to marry a hand some wife, try, do try, your very best not to appear jealous. But whatever you do, unless compelled by urgent pecuniary pressure, expose her to any temptation by placing her in any public capacity, for, if you do, there are sure to be a lot of gay young sparks ready to flutter and hang about the refreshment bar or fancy stall, ready to pour their poisonous words into the ears of your HANDSOME WIFE.

NOTICE.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—"London Life" will be forwarded by post for six months on receipt of stamps or P.O.O. for 3s 3d. Post office orders to be made payable to HENRY PEARCE, at Ludgate Circus.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—It is requested that all communications on literary matters may be addressed to the Editor, and those on business to the Publisher, 15, Harp Alley, Farringdon Street, E.C.

L. A. M. (Great College Street).—You must be indeed a lamb to entertain such absurd ideas. They have had you for a "Lamb" or "Real Jam," and you will, we hope, not be one of those who will not learn from experience.

INQUISITOR.—"Pauline Lucca" is not at present performing in public. Where was Moses when the light went out? Probably in the dark, and so are we as to this fair "Cantatrice's" performances. Don't be too inquisitorial. H.R.H. might give you some information.

BARNEY RYAN (Ballinasloe).—We quite agree with the remarks you have sent us, anent the "obstructionists," and have little doubt that were you on the "flure" of the house that few of the members would care to "tread on the tail of your coat."

R. P. (Bristol).—We never saw "Helton" on the "Cliffs," but we have seen him in the chair at the City Concert Hall, Marsh Street, in the town from which you date, and we have also heard him sing an uncommonly good song. What we most admire about him is that he persistently refuses the applications made to him to partake of refreshment more stimulating than Seltzer *neut*.

ZIG-ZAG (Leeds).—We are in receipt of yours, for which we thank you. Could do with a good comic story, especially if local in the Yorkshire dialect, so as to be readable for Londoners.

A. MYERS.—We are sorry that you should think that the remark we made last week was directed against the members of the Hebrew persuasion generally. We quite agree with what you say as to their veracity, temperance and uprightness as a body. But there are Jews and Jews.

Want of space compels us to omit some very smart Bristol notes which have come to hand.

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